THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

“And she made haste, and let down her pitcher from her shoulder, and said, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also.”

FROM my attachment to simplicity in writing, I read Sterne more attentively than Stackhouse, and prefer a story in Genesis, to a volume of Gibbon. It appears to me, that, notwithstanding the sarcasms of Voltaire, and other French infidels, that mode of writing, which finds a ready way to the heart, was never more successfully achieved, than by the orientals. The other evening, as I was turning over, agreeably to my usual practice, the pages of scripture, I dwelt with undescribable pleasure, upon certain passages in the life of the patriarch Abraham. I had passed the afternoon in what is called modish company, and yet could not avoid remarking that the extreme selfishness of men and women *of the world*, led them, even at a moment, when they assembled for ostentatious civility, to behave discourteously. If such rudeness, I murmured to myself, can be tolerated in a refined age, let me view the behaviour of those of old time, before dancing masters were discovered, and when message cards were not sent by one Patriarch's lady to another. I found, as I expected, that even herdmen and shepherds had as much *genuine* politeness as Lord Chesterfield, and that a country maiden, the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, could behave with as much propriety, as though she had been educated in a boarding school. The story of this pastoral girl's conduct I wish to tell at large, and that the delicacy of fashionable readers would allow me, on this occasion, so much pedantry as to quote the original. But, as a whole chapter in Genesis might appear too long, and disproportionate for a short sermon, I will attempt to narrate in my own words.

Abraham, a most affectionate parent, perceiving that his life declined, and zealous with the anxiety of old age, for an establishment for Isaac, intreats a confidential steward of the household, that he would not suffer the inexperienced heart of his son to be captivated by the Canaanitish beauties. At the earnest request of the Patriarch, the servant binds himself to solicit for Isaac a wife of his own rank, religion, and country. After sanctioning this promise, by one of the most tremendous oaths among the Jewish usages, he harnesses his camels, and departs for Mesopotamia. On his arrival at the suburbs of Nahor, a city of that country, fatigued with a tedious journey, and tender of his drudging camels, he makes them kneel by a well of water, to take their necessary refreshment. In this weary moment, Rebekah appears; and the first accents that fell from the parched tongue of the traveller were to solicit a little water from the pitcher, which she carried, “And she made haste, and let down her pitcher from her shoulder, and said, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also.”

Let us now gaze, earnestly, at these simple, yet beautiful features.

The female, whose courtesy is thus recorded, was a woman of some distinction, in those pastoral times. Her father was of a stock abundantly respectable, for he was allied to Abraham, and her brother was the opulent Laban, whose cattle strayed on a thousand hills. Engaged in domestic duty, she meets a stranger, in the garb probably of a hireling, for he is called, in the text, ‘servant,’ begrimed with dust, and having no claim to her favour. She is asked for water, which she cheerfully gives, and the careless reader will not be aware of the extent of the obligation, if he have not surveyed a map of Palestine, and adverted to the sandiness and thirst of the soil. In that arid region, a brook was a more joyous sight to a panting shepherd, than a bumper to the votary of wine; the invaluable well spring, eagerly sought, and obstinately contended for, by different tribes, was, from the nature of the earth, at such a distance below the surface, that to obtain water, was a work both of toil and time. But, forgetting her home, forgetting herself, and ‘disdaining little delicacies,’ she thinks only of the sufferings of the way-faring stranger; and with that ‘*kind charity*,’ which the apostle emphasizes, with that genuine, disinterested civility, *beyond* the court of Versailles, the tedious descent of the well she repeatedly tries, and the cooling pitcher imparts, not only to the man, but even to his unpetitioning beasts. ‘Drink,’ says the generous girl, and, trust me, I can feel likewise for your burdened companions, ‘for I will give thy *camels* drink also.’ This was benevolence, such as is not generally found. It was eminently disinterested, prompt, and diffusive. It was disinterested; for the tongue which she cooled was not that of a youthful gallant, trolling the oily phrases of flattery. He, who drained the pitcher, which the assiduity of Rebekah filled, was an old man, a servant, and a stranger. It was prompt; for she ‘hasted,’ and she ‘ran’ to do good; and drew water for ‘all the camels,’ though the troop consisted of ten. It was diffusive; for *they* were minutely regarded no less than their proprietor.

I warmly wish that the manners of many, who deem themselves polished, were, at the present day, as excellent as those of this primitive well bred woman. Frequenting no *assemblies*, but those of the next green, or meadow; receiving no lessons of good breeding, but those which her own warm heart dictated; we find her deportment graceful, though she never paid a dancing master; we find her a *maid of honour*, though she never saw a court! True politeness, unlike that of men of the mode, consists in actually rendering little services to our neighbour, rather than in the ostentatious *promise* of great ones. Indifferent to its own ease, it thinks much of another's, discerns the latent wish, and supersedes the necessity of asking favours, by seasonably bestowing them.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, indeed all who are of imagination compact, who ‘listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of Hope,’ will be benefited by the following caution of the judicious Green;

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise aud round the figures well,
And shew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair,
At loss of things, that never were.

—

The decisive voice of Isaiah, which is finely echoed in the following lines of Cowper, is loud in the declaration of the natural restiveness of man. *Strong* government alone is competent to repress his rebellious spirit. Never was there a child of genius, who rose to a manhood of excellence, without *severe discipline*. Never was there a *people*, worth praying for, unless *governed* by a polity, opposite to the democratical.

Though clasped and cradled in his nurse's arms,
He shines with all a cherub's artless charms,
Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy—a *wild ass's colt*.

—

Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bard, has, by attempting to mimic the simplicity of Cowper's style, sunk often into the lowest abyss of prose. A wag has lately undertaken to sneer at this kind of writing, and Southey, too, seems to come in for a share of the ridicule of contemptuous wit.

JOSEPH.

AN ATTEMPT AT SIMPLICITY.

In a rude hamlet
There lives a man, whose neighbours call him Joe,
Honest he is, and these his small effects:
A frisking goat, a harmless looking sheep,
A fruitful cow, a breed of boars and sows
Which yet are pigs—an old one too to nurse them,
With a large bull dog:—to these are also added
A three legg'd stool, which once had been a chair.
A pair of small clothes, and those coarse habiliments,
Such as his humble station doth require——
This good old man, whom now I tell you of,
Hath for some one or two score years been wedded,
His Joan is simple, and but simply skill'd;
She roasts potatoes, and she warms his beer,
What time the bitter frost a signal gives
For a hot supper, but, of this enough.

It hap'd this aged swain,
Joseph, or Joe, work'd with a neighbouring 'squire,
'Squire Thomas is the name, I think, they give him;
Now when the sun was set, and Joseph finish'd,
The worthy 'squire insisted on his taking
A draught of ale. This doing in the kitchen,
With friendly chat he did amuse the servants,
While that the hours, unthought on, pass'd away,
Until, on looking at the clock, he saw
The time was half past eight. On that he rose,
And, bidding them good eve, he took his stick,
Which from a crab-tree he had lately cut,
So, in the dark, he homeward sped his way.
The stick was useful—but, while slow he grop'd,
To keep at proper distance from the wall,
A bucket, which some careless damsel left
Before his idle neighbour, James Cole's door,
Cross'd his unwitting limbs, and—broke his shin.

While lately standing at his door,
To keep my best coat from the drizzling rain,
I saw the bruise——
His worthy consort, Joan, was his kind surgeon;
And she in one officious hand did hold
Brown paper, steep'd in vinegar——
I turn'd away,
Affected at the sight.——

—

If I may judge from the tenor of his Roman history, his Miscellaneous works, and his Parliamentary conduct, the politics of Edward Gibbon were wise, orthodox, and perfectly to my taste. In his letters to Lord Sheffield he often takes occasion to reprobate the revolution in France, he always speaks with just pride of the blessings of English freedom, and he execrates, with the utmost bitterness of phrase, that infamous device of knaves, a *democracy*.

"Should you admire the national assembly, we shall have many an altercation, for I am as high an aristocrat as BURKE himself, and he has truly observed, that it is impossible to debate with temper on the subject of that *cursed* revolution.

"If you do not resist the *spirit of innovation*, in the first attempt, you are lost. You will be driven from one step to another; from principles, just in theory, to consequences most pernicious in practice. Do not suffer yourselves to be lulled into a false security; remember the proud fabric of the French monarchy. It stood founded, as it might seem, on the triple aristocracy of the church, the nobility, and the parliaments. They are now crumbled into dust; they are vanished from the earth. If this *tremendous warning* has no effect on the men of property in England; if it does not *open every eye*, and *raise every arm*, you will deserve your fate.

"The last revolution of Paris appears to have convinced almost every body of the fatal consequences of democratical principles, which lead by a path of flowers into the abyss of Hell.

"If England, with the experience of her happiness, and French calamities, should now be seduced to eat the apple of false freedom, we should, indeed, deserve to be driven from the paradise which we enjoy.

"Even as a citizen of the world, I wish the stability and happiness of England, the sole great refuge of mankind, against the opposite mischiefs of despotism and democracy."

—

Sir Richard Steele has preserved, in one of his papers, a *Lapland* song, as a literary curiosity. Its theme was love, and that gay writer could scarcely conceive how love could be felt or described amid the snows of the polar circle. Mr. Acerbi, in his travels through Finland, has introduced specimens of this northern poesy, which may excite the feelings of the man of sentiment, and the speculations of the virtuoso.

Love, which is the great business of the sex, is, as may well be supposed, the topic upon which the energies of the Finnish poetess are chiefly exercised; it is, however, not an easy matter to procure specimens of these songs, as they are generally sung by the young women, at meetings to which men are rarely or never admitted. Mr. Franzer of Abo presented me with a song, the composition of a country girl, a native of Ostro Bothnia, and the servant of the magister or clergyman of the village, where she had constantly resided. It is composed on the occasion of her lover's absence, in a style of natural simplicity, strong sentiments, and bold figure, to attain which more cultivated understandings sometimes labour in vain. The thought in the second stanza, if not altogether new to poetry, has something in it very striking, is prettily introduced, and well turned. This little piece, considered as the production of a girl, who could neither write nor read, is a wonderful performance. It is by nature's poet, delivering the dictates of her heart in the words which love has suggested, and 'snatching a grace beyond the reach of art.' This Finnish Sappho, amid all the snows of her ungenial climate, discovers all the warmth of the poetess of Lesbos. I shall lay before the reader two translations of this song, the one in prose, the other in verse.

The following prose translation is as near the original, as the English language can approach the Finnish.

Oh! that my beloved were now here; that his well known figure were but before me! How I should fly into his arms, and kiss him, though his face were besmeared with the blood of a wolf! How I should press his hand even though a snake were twined round it.

Alas! why have not the winds understanding? And why is the breeze bereft of speech? The winds might exchange sentiments betwixt my beloved and me. The breezes might every instant carry my words to him, and bring back his to me.

How then would the delicacies of the rector's table be neglected! How inattentive should I be to the dress of his daughter! I should leave every thing to attend upon my beloved, who is the dear object of my summer thoughts, and winter cares.

This version, in rhyme, is neither so close as metaphrase, nor so distant as paraphrase.

Oh were my love but here with me!
Could I his well known person see!
How should I fly to his embrace,
Tho' blood of wolves distain'd his face;
Press'd to my heart his heart would take,
Tho' 'twere encircled by a snake.

Those winds that whisper thro' the wood,
Why is their speech not understood?
They might exchange the lover's prayer,
And sigh for sigh returning bear.

Ill cook'd the rector's meals would be,
Dressing his daughter wait for me;
While kitchen, toilet, I forsake,
And thought of my love only take;
On that alone my care bestow,
My summer's wish, my winter's vow.

The last specimen I shall produce of Finnish poetry, of female composition, is the following fragment of a song, of considerable length, which the Finnish nurses are accustomed to sing to children in the cradle. It may be considered valuable, inasmuch as it marks the genius of the nation. The words were taken down, while a nurse sung them, and rocked her child to sleep. The person who wrote dewn the words, was well acquainted with the Finnish tongue; but the woman knew no more than this part of the song, and no opportunity offered of obtaining the remainder. It is hoped no reader will be displeased at finding here such a specimen of genuine tenderness, simplicity, and purity, though in the form of a lullaby song.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bird of the meadow; take thy rest, little redbreast, take thy rest; God shall awake thee in his own good time; He has made thee a little bough to repose thee on; a bough canopied with the leaves of the birch tree; Sleep stands at the door and says; the son of sleep stands at the door and says; Is there not a little child here; Lying asleep in the cradle; a little child wrapt up in swadling clothes; a child reposing under a coverlet of wool.

As our traveller has omitted to versify these simple, yet interesting stanzas, and as a good translation will, at least, please every married dame of maternal affections, we hope that ASMODEO will undertake what Acerbi forgot, or neglected.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE TOY-SHOP OF MESSRS. VERBAL & TROCHEE.

Nothing was ever bandied about with more democratic malignity and misconstruction, than that correct sentiment of the Hon. Gouverneur Morris—"to save the people from their worst enemies, themselves." Without wishing to accuse Mr. Morris of plagiarism, we should remind those who affect to despise his political principles, that this sentiment was advanced by that democratic saint, Joel Barlow, in an oration delivered in Hartford, July, 1787. That time, he said, was "justly considered an alarming crisis; perhaps the most alarming America ever knew:" And why? Because, says he, "we have contended with the most powerful nation, and subdued the bravest and best appointed armies: but *now* we have to *contend with ourselves*, and *encounter* passions and prejudices mere *powerful* than armies, and more *dangerous* to our *peace*.... It is not for glory, it is for *existence* that we contend." Very well, Mr. Barlow, you told one great truth; but soon as a federalist drops a word of such language—Oh! to be sure, then it is a heinous sentiment, and he who utters it is an *aristocrat!* Further—If these good democrats will consult Voltaire, their Oracle of Reason, they will find he is a *Mammoth aristocrat* in comparison to Mr. Barlow. In answering the question,* "How comes it to pass that almost the whole earth is governed by monarchies?" he directly says, "the *true* reason is, men very rarely *deserve to be their own governors!*"

Who *can* dispute, when such great men agree!

In the "Secret History of Europe," an old and scarce book, we have read some remarks, by which it would seem that the French nation supported the same character formerly as at present. "'Tis observable," says the writer, "that wherever the French are concerned, they are very uneasy at the *liberty* of free states, which will not admit the *tying up of the tongue*, and *locking up of the press*, as is done where their tyranny is predominant." This needs no comment.—"Wherever French councils prevail, there follows immediately a spirit of persecution and cruelty." "But the French faction were always ready to load their opponents with the very crimes they only could be guilty of.' If it were not that this was written long ago, one would have thought the writer had heard of the assassinations of the Deputies at Rastadt in 1799.

The following, though a *bold* assertion, is a strong sentence. "One may venture to affirm that there never was, and never will be, an Englishman and a protestant, a friend to France, but he must forego *common sense* and *common honesty*."

The following sentence would do honour to any writer in any country.—"I had rather a criminal should escape, than the rabble be his judge and executioner; and we hardly allow of such madness, even when the whole is at stake. For whatever the multitude might be of old, I never knew them in my time, but rash and in the wrong; and as I detest any structure that is built on their fury, so I should pity that as much which is destroyed by it."

—

In a letter from Laurence Sterne to Dr. Eustace of North Carolina, who had written to Sterne after having read his Tristram Shandy, we find this just observation—"A true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads; and the vibrations in him so entirely correspond with those excited, it is like reading himself and not the book."

—

Those who think, or rather *say* they think, it is no matter whether the rulers of a people have any religion or not; and those who pretend that an Atheist may be as good a magistrate, as one who believes in the existence of a God, would do well to consider the following passages from an

*Phil. Dict. Art. Country.

author, to whom they would most probably appeal to support their principles. They may find them in Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, article Atheist and Atheism. "Bayle and Plutarch both think a disbelief of a Deity preferable to an ill opinion: But with submission to Plutarch, nothing can be more evident than that it was infinitely better for the Greeks to stand in awe of Ceres, Neptune, and Jupiter, than to be under no manner of awe: the sacredness of oaths is manifest and necessary, and they who hold that perjury will be punished, are certainly more to be trusted than those who think that a false oath will be attended with no ill consequences. It is beyond all question, that in a policed city, even a bad religion is better than none."

Further—"I would not willingly lie at the mercy of an Atheistical prince, who might think it his interest to have me pounded in a mortar, for I am very sure that would be my fate: And were I a sovereign, I would not have about me any Atheistical courtiers, whose interest it might be to poison me, as then I must every day be taking lexipharmics; so necessary is it both for princes and people, that their minds be thoroughly imbibed with an idea of a Supreme Being, the Creator, Avenger, and Rewarder."

And again—"Atheism is a most pernicious monster in sovereigns, and likewise in statesmen, however *harmless* their life be: if it be not so mischievous as fanaticism, it is almost *ever destructive of virtue!*"

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Of all the noted sayings and replies said to have dropped from celebrated personages, we recollect none so rational, so truly independent of favor and fortune, as one recorded in that elegant work, "Mrs. Dobson's Life of Petrarch." Stephen Colonna, (one of the cardinals of that name) had suffered in the quarrels of the Guelphs and the Gibellines, who distracted Italy with their factions, and had not even a single house left. When in the midst of battle, and oppressed with numbers, one of his friends, terrified with the peril in which he saw him, ran to his aid, crying out, "Stephen! Stephen! where is your fortress?" "*Here it is,*" he replied with a smile, laying his hand on his *heart.*

—

In the 13th century, Petrarch drew the following character of the French nation. Whether it will apply to the 18th century, we think it not difficult to determine. "As to what regards the social character, I own that the French have a gay and cheerful temper, and are easy in their manners and conversation: they play generously; they sing agreeably; they entertain freely; they are, in short, amiable hosts: but we must not seek among them for solid manners or true morality."

—

A Portrait in Short-Hand.—A friend lately told us he had just been reading in Shakespear's "Venus and Adonis," a most faithful description of a certain administration. He left entirely to conjecture the application; but it is a lively picture drawn in two lines: See here it is.—

"Full of *respect*, yet *not at all respecting*;
"In hand with *all things—nought at all effecting.*"

Reader, surely you will not suppose he meant our present flattering, promising, boasting, and "virtuous administration!"

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Petrarch, in a letter to his friend Settimo, gives us his opinion of the origin and uses of *gold*, which, though it may offend the worldling, will accord with the feelings of the philosopher and moralist. "It is made," says he, "to solace the wants, and not to nourish the passions of men. In this view it was originally sought from the mines, purified, struck, and stamped. He, who expends it properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolater: the truly wise is, he who despises it."

—

A poetical friend, who has frequently shewn us little original pieces, lately sent us the following "*Desultory Thoughts*, occasioned by the return of Spring," which we think will not be wholly unacceptable to those who love to view every season as affording some incentive to check exuberent mirth, and cherish devout and benevolent affections:—

The northern chill of Winter's howling winds,
And terrors of its blasts, again are fled:
As transient time rolls on the fleeting hours,
Its dreary nights are gone: drear but to those,
Who, deaf to joy and every living good,
Reign but within the all-delusive sphere
Of sensual bliss and sterile luxury.
Those are but thoughtless and inactive minds
That slumber thus in idleness and ease;
For nought in Nature's *all-creating cause*
Receiv'd undue regard. Each rolling space,
Improv'd aright, bestows its genial good:
E'en winter's self. The meditative man,
Cheer in the task of doing others good,
While awful night resumes her fell career,
And joyless blasts waft horrors in the gale,
As thus he studies his own self to mend,
Trims up, at solemn hour, his ev'ning lamp,
Whose bright reflective rays illume the yard
Around the cottage gate, that weary pilgrims,
Who, but to *Charity* can sigh, may hail
The door that opes at ev'ry friendly call:
And knows no stranger, save the demon, Guilt.

Its horrors oft the chilly Winter brings
To those who know and prize but worldly joy;
And *Spring* is tenfold pleasure to the weak,
Who ne'er enjoy, but when profusion spreads
Her lavish stores to satiate and destroy;
Who hate the labours of dame industry,
E'en dread the toils that comfort's self demands.
But toil and pleasute wait on life alike,
And oft befriend each other in distress.
Man's joy is present, and that joy but short,
E'en as the fleeting of forgotten time:
It springs from mind, and ever proves complete
When sanctioned freely by approving thought.
Then why exult thus high at Spring's return,
Or sink beneath the Winter's dreary blasts?
Me, nor the seasons, nor their blasts can bind
To inward storm: nor elevate my mind
Above itself: nor can their varied toils
That oft depress the sluggard to despair,
Decrease at all the happiness of mind
That flows from inward thought of motives just.

As bliss is dealt proportion'd to intent,
And conscience sanctions ev'ry joy of life,
Why do we shout at Nature's bright display,
Or weep beneath its desolate career,
More than imports a due becoming grace
To rev'rence the universal cause?

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[In the Italian and French Journals, and among the researches of Fontana are many wonderful facts and curious speculations, respecting the instantaneous decomposition of animated, as well as inanimate matter. The ingenious Author of "Wieland" has very artfully availed himself of a circumstance of this nature; and it seems from the following memoir that our own country can emulate the Italian physicians in the recital of cases, "passing strange."]

Spontaneous decomposition of a fabric of silk.

On the night of March 19th, 1802. during the session of Congress at Washington, Jonathan Dayton, one of the Senators then attending from the state of New Jersey, sustained a loss of a pair of black silk stockings in an uncommon manner. On undressing himself at bed-time, his stockings were the last of his garments which he took off. The weather being cold, he wore two pair the inner of wool and the outer of silk. When he stript off the silk stockings, he let them drop on a woolen carpet lying by the ped-side; and one of his garters, which was of white woolen ferret-in, fell down with the stockings. The under-stockins, on being pulled off, were thrown at some distance, near the foot of the bed. He observed, on separating and removing the silk stockings from the woolen ones, that there was an unusual snapping and sparkling of electric matter. But as he had been long acquainted with the appearance, it attracted but transient notice.

He fell asleep, and remained undisturbed till morning, when the servant entered to kindle the fire. The man observed that one of the leather slippers lying on the carpet, and partly covered by one of the stockings, was very much burnt. Mr. Dayton then arose, and found that the leather over which the stockings had lain, was converted to a coal. The stockings were changed to a brown, or what is commonly called a butternut colour. and although, to the eye, the stitches of their legs, and even the threads of their clocks, appeared to be firm and entire, yet as soon as any attempt was made to touch and handle them, they were found to be wholly destitute of cohesion, their texture and structure being altogether destroyed. Nothing but a remnant of carbonic matter was left, except that a part of the heel of one of the stockings was not decomposed.

Though this destruction of the stockings took place during the night, when nobody saw the manner and circumstances of the process, yet there was evidence enough of the evolution of much caloric while it was going on: for every thing in contact with the stockings was turned to a coal or cinder. Beside the slipper before mentioned, the garter was burned. It had fallen partly on the carpet, and partly on and between the stockings. As far as it touched the stockings it was perfectly disorganized and carbonated, and immediately beyond that limit was as sound as ever. The part of the carpet, with its fringe, which lay between the stockings and the floor was in like maner totally destroyed, just as far as it was covered, by the stockings, and no farther. The wooden plank, which was of pitch pine, was also considerably scorched; and beneath the place where the thickest folds of the stockings had lain, was converted to charcoal or lampblack to a considerable depth. In throwing down the stockings when they were pulled off, it happened that about a third part of the length of one of them fell not above the carpet, but on the bare floor. This part of the stocking was decomposed like the rest, and the floor very much scorched where it had lain.

There was very little fire on the hearth and the little there was, was eight or nine feet distant. The candle had been carefully extinguished, and stood on a table in another direction, and about equally distant. Indeed, no application of burning coals or of lighted candles could have produced the effects which have been described. It would seem that the combustion, if it may be so called, proceeded from a surcharge of anticronon (caloric) or electron (electricity) in the silk accumulated by means not well understood; and that not being referable to any known external agent, it may in the present state of our information, be termed spontaneous.

The substances chiefly consumed were leather, wool, silk, and resinous wood. The linen lining of the slipper was indeed destroyed, but where it did not come in contact it escaped; and the fire showed no disposition to burn even the linen beyond the boundaries prescribed to it on the leather.

What is the theory of this phenomenon? With what other facts is it immediately connected? Whatever men of science may determine on these points, one thing seems to be evident, that if spontaneous combustion can happen thus to bodies so little inflamable as leather, silk and wool, the instances of its occurrence in bodies easier to burn are more frequent than is generally supposed. [*Medical Repository.*

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF RICHARD GLOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

In 1740, the same resolution of the majority continuing, Glover presided at Vintner's Hall, September 25th, at a meeting of the Livery, to consider of two proper persons to be recommended to the Court of Aldermen; when it was resolved to support the nomination of Sir Robert Godschall, and George Heathcote, Esq. who being returned to the Court of Aldermen, the gentleman was chosen; but he declining the office, another meeting of the Livery was held at Vintner's Hall, October 13th, when Glover again was called to the chair, and the meeting resolved to return Humphry Parsons Esq. and Sir Robert Godschall, to the Court of Aldermen, who made choice of the former to fill the office.

On the 19th of November, another meeting was held at Vintner's Hall, when Glover pronounced an eulogium on Sir John Barnard, and advised the Livery to choose him one of their representatives in Parliament, notwithstanding his intention to resign.

On all these occasions, Glover acquitted himself in a very able manner. His speeches, printed in the "London Magazine," 1740, and the "Annals of Europe," 1740, p. 283, are elegant, spirited, and adapted.

His talents for public speaking, his knowledge of political affairs and his information concerning trade and commerce, soon after pointed him out to the merchants of London, as a proper person to conduct their application to Parliament, on the subject of the neglect of their trade. He accepted the office, and in summing up the evidence, gave very striking proofs of his oratorical powers.

This remarkable speech was pronounced at the bar of the House of Commons, January 27, 1742, and soon afterwards published under the title of *A short account of the late application to Parliament, made by the merchants of London, upon the neglect of their trade, with the substance thereupon as summed up by Mr. Glover*, 8vo, 1742.

By his appearance in behalf of the merchants of London, he acquired, and with great justice, the character of an able and steady patriot; and, indeed, on every occasion, he showed a most perfect knowledge of, joined to the most ardent zeal for, the commercial interests of the nation, and inviolable attachment to the welfare of his countrymen in general, and that of the city of London in particular.

In 1744, died Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and by her will left to Glover and Mallet, 500l, each, to write the history of the Duke of Marlborough. Of Glover, her grace says, "that she believes him to be a very honest man, who wished, as she did, all the good that could happen to preserve the liberties and laws of England."

This bequest never took place. It is supposed that Glover very early renounced his share; and Mallet, though he continued to talk of performing the task, almost as long as he lived, is now known never to have made the least progress in it.

About this period, having in consequence of unavoidable losses in trade, and perhaps, in some measure, of his zealous warmth for the public interests, to the neglect of his own private emoluments, somewhat reduced his fortunes, he withdrew a good deal from public notice, and preferred, with a very laudable delicacy, an obscure retreat to popular observation, until his affairs should put on a more prosperous appearance.

While he lived in obscurity, known only to his friends, and declining to take any active part in public affairs, the Prince of Wales, it is said, sent him, on account of the embarrassment of his circumstances, 500l.

The Prince died in March 1751, and in May following, Glover was once more drawn from his retreat by the importunity of his friends, and condescended to stand candidate for the place of Chamberlain of the City of London, in opposition to Thomas Harrison, Esq.

It unfortunately happened, that he did not declare himself till most of the Livery had engaged their votes. After a few days, finding that his antagonist gained ground upon the poll, he gave up the contest on the 6th of May. Mr. Deputy Harrison was declared duly elected, May 7th, and on this occasion, Glover made the following speech to the Livery, which exhibits the feelings of a manly, resigned, philosophical mind, in unprosperous circumstances.

"Heretofore, I have frequently had occasion of addressing the Livery of London in public; but, at this time, I find myself at an unusual loss, being under all the difficulties which a want of matter deserving your notice, can create. Had I now your rights and privileges to vindicate—had I the cause of your suffering trade to defend—or were I now called forth to recommend and enforce the parliamentary service of the most virtuous and illustrious citizen—my tongue would be free from constraint, and, expatiating at large, would endeavour to merit your attention; which now must be confined to so narrow a subject as myself. On those occasions, the importance of the matter, and my known zeal to serve you, however ineffectual my attempt might prove, were always sufficient to promise me the honour of a kind reception, and unmerited regard. Your countenance first drew me from the retirement of a studious life; your repeated marks of distinction first pointed me out to that great body, the merchants of London, who, pursuing your example, condescended to intrust me, unequal and unworthy as I was, with the most important cause; a cause where your interest was as nearly concerned as theirs. In consequence of that deference, which has been paid to the sentiments and choice of the citizens and traders of London, it was impossible but some faint lustre must have glanced on one, whom, weak as he was, they were pleased to appoint the instrument on their behalf; and if from these transactions I accidentally acquired the smallest share of reputation, it was to you, that my gratitude ascribes it; and I joyfully embrace this public opportunity of declaring, that, whatever part of a public character I may presume to claim, I owe primarily to you. To this I might add the favour, the twenty years countenance and patronage of one, whom a supreme degree of respect shall prevent me from naming; and though under the temptation of using that name as a certain means of obviating some misconstruction, I shall, however, avoid to dwell on the memory of a loss so recent, so justly, and so universally lamented.

"Permit me now to remind you, that when placed, by these means, in a light not altogether unfavourable, no lucrative reward was then the object of my pursuit; nor ever did the promises or offers of private emolument induce me to quit my independence or vary from the least of my former professions, which always were and remain still founded on the principles of universal liberty; principles which I assume the glory to have established on your records. Your sense, and the sense of your great corporation, so repeatedly recommended to your representatives in Parliament, were my sense, and the principal boast of all my compositions, containing matter imbibed in my earliest education, to which I have always adhered, by which I still abide, and which I will endeavour to bear down with me to the grave; and even at that gloomy period, when deserted by my good fortune, and under the severest trials; even then, by the same consistency of opinions, and uniformity of conduct, I still preserved that my part of reputation which I originally derived from your favour, whatever I might pretend to call a public character, unshaken and unblemished; nor, once in the hour of affliction, did I banish from my thoughts, the most sincere and conscientious intention of acquitting every private obligation, as soon as my good fortune should please to return; a distant appearance of which seemed to invite, and awakened some flattering expectations on the rumour of the vacancy of the chamberlain's office; but always apprehending the imputation of presumption, and that a higher degree of delicacy and caution would be requisite in me than in any other candidate, I forbore, till late, to present myself once more to your notice, and then, for the first time, abstracted from a public consideration, solicited your favour for my own private advantage. My want of success shall not prevent my cheerfully congratulating this gentleman on his election, and you on your choice of so worthy a magistrate; and if I may indulge a hope of departing this place with a share of your approbation and esteem, I solemnly from my heart declare, that I shall not bear away with me the least trace of disappointment."

In his retirement, he finished the tragedy of Boadicea, which he had begun many years before, and, in 1753, it was brought on the stage, at Drury-Lane, and acted nine nights, with great success. From the following lines in the prologue it appears to have been patronised by his friends in the city.

> Beside his native Thames, our poet long
> Hath hung his silent harp, and hush'd his tongue;
> At length his muse from exile he recals,
> Urg'd by his patrons in Augusta's walls,
> Those generous traders, who alike sustain
> Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
> And bounteous raise affliction's drooping train;
> They who, benignant to his toils, afford
> Their sheltering favour, have his muse restor'd;
> They in her future fame will justly share,
> But her disgrace herself must singly bear;
> Calm hours of learned leisure they have given,
> And could no more, for genius is from heaven.

Though there is rather a deficiency, both as to incident and characters, in this play, yet the language is very poetical, and the descriptions beautiful. It is such a production as might be expected from the author of Leonidas; but it seems better adapted to give pleasure in the closet than the theatre. "To the most material objections," says Archbishop Herring, writing to a friend, "of this play, the author would say, (as Shakspeare must in some instances), that he did not make, but told it as he found it. The first page of the play shocked me, and the sudden and neated answer of the Queen to the Roman ambassador's gentle address, is arrant madness; it is, indeed, unnatural. It is another objection, in my opinion, that Boadicea is really not the object of crime and punishment, so much as pity; and notwithstanding the strong paintings of her savageness, I cannot help wishing she had got the better. She had been most unjustly and outrageously injured by those universal tyrants, who ought never to be mentioned without horror. However, I admire the play in many passages, and think the two last acts admirable. In the fifth, particularly, I hardly ever found myself so strongly touched." Dr. Pemberton published 'Some Reflections on the Tragedy of Boadicea,' 8vo. 1753, to recommend this play, upon the principle, that dramatic dialogue without incidents, and poetry without description, metaphor or similes, approach nearest to perfection, because they approach nearest to nature. From tragedies, written on this principle, verse should also be rejected, as nothing can be a more evident or perpetual deviation from nature, than dialogue in verse. Mr. Crisp Mills addressed 'a letter to

Mr. Glover, on occasion of his tragedy of Boadicea,' 8vo 1753, in which he applauds him for the regularity of his piece, but censures him for omitting to introduce into it a *plot* or *intrigues*, without which, he thinks, *a set of connected dialogues can never be a play*. A pamphlet, intitled 'Female Revenge, or the British Amazon, exemplified in the life of Boadicea; with observations on the diction, sentiments, and conduct of the play,' 8vo. 1753, and other anonymous remarks, criticisms, and reflections, appeared about this time, relating to this play.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The treaty proposed by the French republic, for the sale of Louisiana and the sale of Orleans to the United States, has always appeared to me in a point of view, different from any I have seen described in the public prints. If you think the following hasty observations on the subject will be acceptable to any of your readers, please to give them a place in the Port Folio.]

The cession of this extensive country to the United States, is an object of such magnitude, so new and unexpected, and comes, all its circumstances considered, in so questionable a shape, that I have been ready to class it among the partitions, of which modern times have produced so many detestable examples, and to wish my country may get rid of the treaty as quick as possible. Tuscany was torn from an inoffensive neutral prince, because he was of the house of Austria, and given to Spain, in exchange for Louisiana, and this latter the Corsican proposes to sell to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars, because he wants money, and despairs of holding the country. This is trucking on a large scale, and might suit us Yankees very well, if the commodity had not been obtained by dishonest arts.

But if all that had passed in this business had been fair and square, as we say in dealing; and, on our part, there has been no collusion, or secret article of disgraceful or dangerous tendency, in or about it; Louisiana is too distant to be of any use to the Atlantic States, nay, it would be detrimental to them, not only as costing a great deal of money, but as occasioning a constant drain of people. The riches, and youth, and virtue of the old states, will go yearly to settle, and improve a country too distant for them to govern; and, before one tenth part of the money it cost will be reimbursed, it will not only be independent itself, but it will draw the western country after it. As long as it remains in the hands of the Spaniards, there is no danger of such a disaster.

Besides, while we are thus increasing our load of debt and taxes, which are already too heavy, to purchase what would be injurious, we shall give substantial aid to a tyrant, the enemy of all free nations, who would even have shut us out of the port in question, had he not been discouraged by an unexpected turn of events; and we shall enable him, thereby, to combat with more success that very nation, who has snatched us from his grasp, and finally to bring his destructive arms to our own doors. This would be such an act of folly and ingratitude combined, as ought never to be forgiven, and is not to be expected from any government, exempt from judicial blindness.

Upon the whole, to act consistent with our neutral pacific character, it will be most prudent in these states, to keep their first object *only* in view; to demand the re-establishment of our rights of entry and deposite at the port of Orleans, or some other post more convenient—and, as this privilege has been interrupted by the most infamous arts, to insist on its being confirmed and guaranteed by stronger bonds and sureties. This is our unquestionable right; will be easily obtained by pacific means; and need not cost us a farthing. Our neutrality, in the present war, is as full a compensation for any favour we have to ask, as France or Spain has any pretence to expect: it is more, indeed, vastly more, than their past conduct, and still baser designs on America, will justly warrant. At the same time, we may rest assured that the French will not, because they dare not, send troops to this country, while they are engaged in a war with Great Britain: nor is it probable, that they will attempt it, after the war is over, unless they should destroy the British fleet; and, if this calamity should befal the world, which God forbid, a thousand contracts will not save Louisiana, or the United States, from the favour of being devoured the last.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[By the subsequent legal decision, the Sportsman's Magazine will be abridged of one important article, which heretofore made a conspicuous and a disgraceful figure in that department, which might justly be denominated the *Boxing* Chronicle.

It is not a little surprising, when we consider the proverbial vigilance of the police officers and magistrates in England, that a practice so notorious, as that of boxing or fighting for hire, in open violation of the laws of the land, should have received its *first* check, by a public prosecution, in a court of justice, in the year 1803. The judgment rendered by the court in this case, was founded on the record out of which it could not travel, and which charged, that the defendants had entered into a conspiracy, &c. "They knew nothing of fighting for hire," although it was sufficiently evident to the public that, this was the misdemeanour to be corrected. The report itself is worthy of perusal, and we now present it to our readers.]

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

BOXING.

THE KING, VS. *BURKE AND OTHERS.*

The defendants are James Burke, Edmund Belcher, Joseph Ward, and Henry Lee. At the quarter sessions for the county of Berks an indictment was found against them, charging them with a conspiracy, with fifty others, to the jurors unknown, to break the peace, by assembling in a riotous and tumultuous manner at a place called Hurley Bottom. Bourke and Belcher are charged with conspiring to fight a duel, and Ward and Lee, with procuring, aiding and abetting them. They all allowed judgment to go against them by default, and the indictment being removed into this court by *Certiorari*, they were now brought up to receive judgment. No affidavits were put in on either side.

Mr. Garrow addressed the court for the crown, but by no means in aggravation for punishment. He said this prosecution had been instituted by the noble lord at the head of the magistracy of Berkshire (earl of Radnor) for the correction of an abuse of the most enormous magnitude. A hope was entertained that the grievance might be remedied, when it came under the animadversion of this court.—Those who encouraged such practices would next be called to an account for their conduct.—The present defendants were but instruments in the hands of others. At the bottom of the mischief there were men who, for base and scandalous purposes stirred up their fellow creatures to mangle each other. But they would yet, if they persisted, be made amenable to the law, and would appear upon the record, not as manu-captors (bail,) but as principals and criminals. Mr. Garrow said, he should not abuse their lorship's time, by pointing out the enormities and mischievous effects of *prize-fighting*. He should confine himself to the danger to the publick peace from such transactions. It would hardly be believed, were it not for the statement in the daily journals, that in a country professing any thing like a police, at the distance of twenty, thirty, or forty miles from the metropolis, countless thousands should be collected, of all orders and degrees, though chiefly of the lowest and most profligate, to witness a spectacle, the very account of which was enough to freeze one's blood. The magistrates felt that without the assistance of this high court they could not remedy the evil. It could not have escaped the notice of one of their lordships (lord Ellenborough) whose attention had lately been directed to the amendment of our laws, that these disorderly persons took advantage of the limited jurisdiction of the justices of the peace.

The spot for the rencounter was always chosen at the extremity of a county. They thus set the civil power at defiance, and lately a worthy clergyman and his constables were called upon by the rabble, by whom they were surrounded, to become spectators of the sport. As soon as they were molested, their custom was to go into the next adjoining county, and there to execute their brutal purpose. It would therefore admit of consideration, whether the magistrates of the county where the riot originally begun should not be empowered to follow the rioters whereever they retreated. The object of this prosecution was prospective, and not to punish the men now standing on the floor. The mischief did not originate with them, but with others, among whom this, like other vices, had become a trade. One of them, instead of being in training, was brought out of the king's bench prison, where he lay for debt, to be certainly beaten. His poverty and not his will consented. Mr. Garrow said he could name those who, to serve their own ends, had paid the debts for which he was in custody. Some of them were persons of distinction. All principle seemed about to be extinguished.

An EO table in one hand, and a gentleman running against a sow on the other, now eked out the amusements of New-Market. This poor man was so terribly bruised that he was almost left for dead, while another combat entertained the company. He was afterwards remanded to jail; but no good Samaritan there came to his relief. Lee had likewise engaged in this affair against his will. It appeared that a second a bottle-holder were necessary to the combatants; and as they had come to the field without being properly attended, he had agreed to act in one of these capacities. The object of the magistrates would be gained, if the patrons of these men were to learn that they all might be indicted for conspiracies for encouraging these battles. He was therefore instructed to say, that they would be satisfied if, instead of pronouncing judgment, which for a heinous offence must be very severe, the court would allow the defendants to go at large, upon entering into a recognizance to appear when called for. He made this proposal with great diffidence and humility; but he thought it might be better than that it should be handed down, that upon a record of this nature, a slight judgment was given. The recognizance he should wish to be of a considerable size, so that neither the defendants nor their friends, might easily be able to free themselves from its operation.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendants, said, that after what had fallen from his learned friend, he could do nothing but express a hope that the court might feel themselves at liberty to follow the course pointed out to them. He was sensible that if judgment was pronounced, it must be of considerable severity.

Lord Ellenborough asked, if there were any persons ready to enter into a recognizance with the defendants as sureties!

Mr. Garrow said, that perhaps it would be proper to make each enter into a recognizance, not only for himself, but for the good conduct of the rest.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that this would be going rather too far.

The learned judges then consulted together for some minutes.

Lord Ellenborough afterwards declared that the practice must be suppressed, as it was pregnant with the most mischievous consequences. Not only were the lives and limbs of the combatants exposed, but industry was checked by people being seduced from their employments; an immense multitude were assembled, and ready to follow the example set them in entering into brawls, and an opportunity was given to the ill-disposed, under pretence of this inhuman amusement, to plot any mischief they may have in contemplation. In every respect the practice must be suppressed. As no affidavits were given in, the court must look to the record, which charged that the defendants entered into a conspiracy, &c. They knew nothing of fighting for hire. The defendants must therefore enter into a recognizance in 400l. each. This was a sum not likely to be made up to them by subscription. If it was, a punishment would be inflicted from which none could relieve them. The condition of the recognizance was, that they should appear to receive judgment when called for, and should keep the peace in the mean time. And it was to be understood that not only those who fought themselves, violated the laws, but that the procurers and abettors were guilty of the same offence, and were liable to the same punishment.

Messrs. Bourke, Belcher, Ward and Lee, then entered into the recognizance, and withdrew.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Paris, December 13, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

I am indebted for two letters, and the same cause of my neglect, viz. an hurry of business still subsisting, I cannot make amends by a long letter in this, but the substance will be agreeable, which is, that Dr. Franklin is arrived at Nantz, and I expect him in Paris to-morrow. He left Philadelphia the last of October, and every thing was favourable in America. On his passage, the ship he was in made two prizes on this coast. I received a letter from my venerable friend on his landing, who was in high spirits and good health. Here is the hero, and philosopher, and patriot, all united in this celebrated American, who, at the age of seventy-four, risks all dangers for his country. I know your heart rejoices with me on the occasion.

I am, with respect to your spouse,
Dear Sir,
Your much obliged and
Very humble servant,
S. DEANE.

—

Paris, December 23, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

I have only time to say that I am arrived here well, and happy to learn, by your favour of the 17th, that you are so. I enclose a letter to you from the committee, and I shall write to you more fully in a few days.

With great esteem,
I am ever yours, affectionately,
B. FRANKLIN.

London, 10th September, 1776.

SIR,

The 27th ult. and the 7th inst. in the absence of my brother, Arther Lee, your two letters for him, came safe to my hands. My brother is now on the Continent, and perhaps may write to you from where he is. The Declaration of Independence, on the part of America, has totally changed the nature of the contest between that country and Great Britain. It is now on the part of Great Britain a scheme of *conquest*, which few imagine can succeed. Independency is universally adopted by every individual in the thirteen United States, and it has altered the face of things here. The tories, and particularly the Scotch, hang their heads and keep a profound silence on the subject; the whigs do not say much, but rather seem to think the step a wise one, on the part of America, and what was an inevitable consequence of the measures taken by the British ministry. In short, every one waits to form his judgment by the event of the present campaign, as some thing decisive is expected to happen from the armaments under General and Lord Howe, and General Charleton, before the meeting of Parliament, which will be the 24th of October. In the mean time every effort is made to prevent France from taking any open or even private part with America, for which purpose Mr. Stanley, Mr. Jenkinson, one of the lords of the treasury and confidential friend of Lord Bute and the solicitor general, Mr. Wedderburne, have been at Paris some time to aid the negociations of the British minister, Lord Stormont. As far as money will go to answer their purpose, it will not be spared. The French are generally acute enough in observing what is for their interest, but most people here are at a loss to conceive what plan they have in view, as they have not hitherto, as we know of, taken any part with America.

The public papers will tell you all the material news we have from America, but in general, it is supposed the Americans will stand greatly in want of arms, ammunition, and artillery, to oppose such a force, as is sent against them, and it is evident they have not experienced officers, sufficient to manage such extensive operations as they have in hand. Should you have occasion to write to me, you may address, under cover, as you do to my brother.

I am, with esteem, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM LEE.

M. Dumas.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Maxwell has printed, in a duodecimo volume, the Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith.

The writings of this fascinating author are so justly popular, that numerous editions of his performances have been published, and sold in America. Some of them have been printed in a style not unworthy of the value of the work.

But of the various *domestic* editions we have seen, we think this may challenge the pre-eminence. It is correct, neat, and complete, including his minor poems, all of which are valuable, and a pleasing sketch of his life. While the care of our printers and editors is judiciously employed in reprinting the poetry of Goldsmith, we cannot but regret that a complete edition of his *Miscellaneous Works* has not appeared in America, especially as the booksellers are now in possession of the very new and complete edition lately published in London by Johnson. The literary portion of the American public would certainly hail, with the utmost cheerfulness, the appearance of a work from one, whose merit, as an author, in the opinion of no incompetent eulogist, has a strict analogy with that of Mr. ADDISON. His diction is correct and elegant, and at the same time, free from every species of affectation. His language flows from him, without *perceptible* effort, yet it is always such as it would be difficult to improve. The classical ease of his manner has seldom been equalled. He has exerted his talents upon a great variety of subjects; and, on whatever subject he happens to write, he is always read with pleasure. His Essays, his Life of Parnell, his Life of Bolingbroke, his Citizen of the World, and Vicar of Wakefield, are compositions sufficient to have established the reputation of any writer.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in London, to his friend in Philadelphia.

The theatre has occasionally attracted my attention, and I have seen Mrs. Jordan. Description is incapable of doing her justice. To such tones of voice, such gestures and so correct a conception of character, I have been heretofore a stranger. But she is ill supported. In tragedy I have seen no one equal to Mr. Wood of the American theatre. The younger Kemble, who plays at Drury-Lane, is an inferior performer. I have not seen Cooke. Cooper is greatly disappointed—The managers of Drury-Lane have treated him very ill, and the audience not as well, as was expected. He does not engage with them, nor does he think of returning to America. He will probably go to Ireland.

—

A calm observer cannot refrain from expressing his astonishment at the effrontery of those federal scribblers, who presume to write a paragraph against the *learned Duane*, who is cousin german, if not full brother, to the admirable Chrichton himself. Whether you contemplate him in the full blaze of power and greatness, or, in the *milder lights of calm philosophy*, he appears totus teres atque rotundus; he is full orbed and supreme. He is the despotic governor of the state of Pennsylvania, and perpetual dictator to the president himself. He is high priest and chief of the apostles in the temple of reason, and father confessor to the democracy of the United States. He is commander in chief of the *militia* forces of jacobinism, and vice admiral of dry docks. Dare you impeach his talents, or question his erudition? He has told you himself that he is a connoisseur and a conjuror, a politician, and a physician. He has had more than one conference with Oliver Cromwell, and has drank tea with Esculapius. He went to school with Lycurgus, and Paracelsus Bombastus was for seven years his bed-fellow. He has instructed six kings, disciplined a pope, and composed nonsense verses with an emperor. He can ransack, at his pleasure, the treasury of a nation, and break open a public chest or a private letter by his skill in the occult sciences. Let no one presume to describe, or to cure the yellow fever in his presence; and let no one appear in the Aurora office with plans of legislation. He is doctor at our bed-sides, and he is the apothecary of the state.

—

A felon on his way to *execution*, at Pennenden Leath, called out to some soldiers, as he passed, to know if they were not militia-men, and some of them *substitutes*. Being answered in the affirmative, he drolly asked if either of them would become a *substitute* for him, as he did not like so much parade and nonsense, and wished to go another way.

In foreign countries, a daily, or a weekly journal is a lucrative establishment, even if it should, unhappily, endeavour, by literary essays, to instruct and amuse the reader.

The proprietor and publisher of a newspaper at Edinburgh, retired, not many years since, from business, with a fortune of above twenty thousand pounds sterling, earned by himself in that employment. The curious reader, who is willing to know the extent of the opulence which an American Editor derives from his labours, may contrast this paragraph with the following, which we have copied from one of the southern papers.

From the Charleston City Gazette.

The State Gazette, and Timothy's Daily Advertiser, will not be again published. This is announced with regret to those who have patronised that paper. The necessitous circumstances of the proprietor, however, will not permit him longer to continue an establishment which every day involves him more in debt. The *receipts* of money due are *not competent to the discharge of the daily expenses* of the gazette, and there having been nearly an uniform desertion in the advertising portion of the community, from which the profits of the business are derived, it is rendered absolutely necessary to abandon an occupation *unthankful* and *ruinous*.

We recollect a similar declaration from Capt. Philip Freneau, and it is generally notorious that, in the United States, no papers, but what are merely vehicles of news, or rather of advertisements, are profitable to the editor.

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The papers which now daily come to hand are crowded with details of various foreign incidents. The most unparalleled unanimity prevails throughout England. The war is popular among all parties. The character of that nation stands on a more elevated eminence, to the rest of Europe, than it has ever done; and Americans need not blush that they are her descendants. Her commerce is conducted by the great mass of the people more regularly, and less subject to adventitious fluctuations, and more advantageously to her subjects than that of any other European power. Her cabinet is filled generally, or influenced by men of independence, integrity, and talents, above the bribes of lucre or patronage; her independent judiciary, forms an edifice against which the billows of occasional civil factions beat in vain; where power cannot oppress weakness with impunity, and where the subject has the means of redress against the highest peer in the realm. Her military and naval forces are under the best regulations; particularly the latter. Her ships scour the ocean, fearless of sculking Frenchmen whose caution keeps them in port. Her battles are commenced with courage and conduct; continued by patience and submission to hardship; and her victories always display her forbearance and humanity. No nation on the globe we believe has deservedly a higher reputation for the latter virtue, than the inhabitants of that island and its descendants. [*Farm. Mus.*

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ALIENS.

A sort of vagabonds, rascals and run aways,
A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants
Whom your o'er cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

—

A London paper, describing the Duchess of Cumberland's tour, says she *takes Geneva* in her journey from France to Italy.

In a very recent number of his Weekly Register, Mr. Cobbett, with a very just and generous concern for the interest of the injured Peltier, thus calls upon the liberality of the country to make some atonement to a loyal, spirited, and accomplished Editor. "The readers of the register will, I trust, hear with great satisfaction that the prosecution of the ingenious, the zealous, and the loyal Mr. Peltier has been dropped. The term has passed, without his being called up to receive judgment, and, of course, he is discharged. Though Mr. Peltier has, to the honour of the Attorney General and of the law of England, found *personal* protection against the vengeance of Buonaparte and the pusillanimity of our ministers, in *property* he must have considerably suffered. His time, his mind, his means have been expended in a long, anxious and expensive attendance on, and provision for his defence. His affairs must have suffered much from the state of uncertainty in which he so long has been kept, and though I know little, or rather nothing of the intentions of himself or his friends, I trust there will be found liberality enough to produce him a compensation. That we should honour and cherish him, there can be no better proof than that he is hated and dreaded by Buonaparte; and when to this consideration is added that, of his having suffered in our country and for our own cause, that cause for which are now again at war, I should be ashamed to doubt of his obtaining, some way or other, full and adequate reparation and reward."

From another Register we learn with satisfaction that Mr. Peltier will resume his editorial task. In the future prosecution of his honest and useful labours in aid of a just cause, we sincerely hope that he may not be checked by the vengeance of a republican freebooter, or the terrors of a timid administration.

"We are glad to perceive that Mr. Peltier will, in the course of the present month, June, revive THE AMBIGU, which the tyranny of Buonaparte, aided by the yielding disposition of the ministers compelled him to lay aside, during that *peace which so happily subsisted between the two countries!* We would, however, advise Mr. Peltier to be cautious; for though he should even again be requested to write for the Government, let him not forget how they uniformly abandoned their friends, let him never forget their treatment of the Royalists of La Vendee, and let him not be too confident that the very works, which they may prevail on him to write and publish during the war, they will not, after the war is over, prosecute him for selling.

—

A political work of authority and celebrity, publishing in London, has the following passage.

All the sound part of the nation look to Mr. WINDHAM at this momentous crisis, for the reasons whereon to form their opinions both of men and of measures. Since the signing of the fatal preliminaries, since the sun of England sunk beneath the genius of France, since our political horizon has been enveloped in darkness, and the vessel of state committed to an ignorant, a low-minded and a cowardly crew, he has been our polar star, shining while other lights hid their heads, always in his place, and always luminous; constantly forewarning us of our dangers, and constantly pointing to the cause of safety and of honour.

—

It is stated in a British Journal, that if Mr. Windham had been minister of Great-Britain, *America would not have had to purchase Louisiana of France*; the king of Sardinia, the Stadtholder, and the Vendeans would not have been abandoned, Germany would not have been modelled, and the French troops would not have been at Hanover.

—

Of Rousseau it has been forcibly remarked by an American gentleman that this sentimental scoundrel is the pagod of the French revolutionists, his works are in all their hands. Sentiment is the foundation stone, the leading principle, of all their labours; it is thus they would break the sceptre of monarchs by the sword of philosophy,

Oh were I seated high as my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs,
And make them bow to creeds myself would *laugh at*.

—

Dr. Kennicott, of Oxford, a man remarkable for his love of good eating, having discovered a remarkable fine fig upon a tree in the garden belonging to his college, was determined to appropriate it to himself, and for that purpose (as it was not quite ripe) fastened a piece of paper upon it, on which he wrote, "*Dr. Kennicott's fig.*" One of the fellows of the college observed it, and being a punster, eat the fig, and in its place, wrote on another paper, which he hung there, "A *fig for Dr. Kennicott*"

—

The following Ode is as pure in measure, and perhaps as beautiful as that of Sir John Suckling—"Pr'y thee why so pale, fond lover? pr'y thee why so pale?" which has been praised and quoted by Congreve as the most perfect our language can produce:

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate:
Some kind planet from above
May perhaps her pity move.
Lovers on their stars must wait:
Only tell her that I love.

Why, O why should I despair?
Mercy's pictur'd in her eye;
If she once vouchsafe to hear
Welcome hope and farewell fear,
She's too good to let me die—
Why, O why should I despair?

—

The Aurora has been severely chastised by the New-York Morning Chronicle, another democratical paper, for unbridled insolence in political dictation. We rejoice to see that even the blindest adherents to the republican system begin to be disgusted with the effrontery and impertinence of the vulgar writers, in the most vulgar of papers.

—

When one of the judges was, sometime since, passing sentence on a notorious house breaker, and said 'it is with pain I am now to pronounce upon you the awful sentence of the law,' he was interrupted by the prisoner, who said, with a polite *sang froid*, 'I beg your Lordship would *not mention it*.

—

To my friends or enemies, says a late writer, I will not be so cruel as to wish them to read what I have written, or to be compelled to write a book themselves: all I desire of them is *simply* (and simple indeed they must be) to buy the one I publish. Strange as it may appear to a sane mind, I have known authors outrageously angry, because they have been accused of getting money by their literary labours. Now, I am not of that only sort—no, no, profit, in my opinion, is the true test of an author's merit. Any fool may write and print at his own expence, but it must be a *clever fellow, who can get money for his works.

* The use of this adjective here, by a pure English writer, is strictly proper, and the only *legitimate* mode in which it can be applied. Clever, has no relation to the qualities of the heart, but refers to some faculty or effort of the mind. Thus, in England, they talk of a clever man, and a clever pamphlet, to represent the ingenuity of the one, or the other. In many of the United States, and particularly in the northern, a *clever man* signifies any *good, easy*, simple republican.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET III.

Now the low sun has left the western sky,
And solemn silence reigns along the vale,
Save where the whispering breezes faintly sigh,
Or thro' the rock's rough cleft the waters wail.
Mark how the moon, pale regent of the night,
Tinges, with silvery streaks, yon fleecy cloud;
Now dart her trembling beams a transient light,
Now deeper shades her radiant visage shrowd.
Sweet are these scenes, yet, ah! without the maid,
Whose smiles alone can soothe my cheerless breast,
Fade all their charms, their brightest beauties fade,
Nor give my soul one glimmering beam of rest;
Then come, and woo, with me, the midnight shade,
Oh! come, sweet Melancholy, welcome guest.

HARLEY.

—

SONNET IV.

The rising sun now gilds the eastern main,
Rejoicing nature feels the genial ray;
Bright dewy spangles, glittering o'er the plain,
Reflect the glories of the beaming day.
Come then, my Delia, taste the sweets of morn,
O come! enjoy with me this rural scene;
Lo! cheerful smiles the fragrant fields adorn,
Lo! showers have ting'd the groves with deeper green;
Hark! how the blackbird tells his am'rous tale,
To cheer his mate, and charm the lingering hours;
Here, then, while love and harmony prevail,
And fresher foliage decorates the bowers,
Gay Cheerfulness shall guide us down the vale,
And strew the pathway with unfading flowers.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Mr. HUNT, in his moral poem, called 'Retirement, or the Golden Mean,' has the following spirited apostrophe, and affecting description.]

Say, Wilmot, first at pleasure's painted goal,
Say, royal Richmond, with thy shrivell'd soul;
Tell, stern Eliza, thou whose vengeance dread,
Fell Envy pour'd on sad Maria's head;
Tell, high brow'd Wolsey, son of splendid care,
Thou castle, built of vanity and air;
Say, sleeps repose, where conscience finds no rest,
Does bliss enrapture in the guilty breast?
While kings and nobles share the thorns of woe,
Some still are scattered on the crowds below,
See thro' the mob, where vice triumphant rules,
And vacant Ignorance stares among her fools;
See Discontent her muttering lips conceal,
And loud Contention threat the public weal!
See Filth, disgusting, wallow in her mire,
And Noise and Riot light eternal fire!
And, ah! let Pity turn her dewy eyes
Where gasping Penury unfriended lies;
Where wild ey'd Hunger bows her fainting head,
And Sickness swoons upon her tatter'd bed.
There no mild hand uprears the drooping form,
No meek benevolence averts the storm.
Soft pillow'd Ease, that slumbers off the day,
And haughty Grandeur, turn, in scorn, away,
Till he, whom Fortune never call'd her own,
Sinks in the grave, unpitied and unknown.

—

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Gifford! to thy impressive lines belong
The proud distinctions of superior song!
The lash thou mak'st the harden'd wretch endure,
Though it cuts deeply—'only cuts to cure.'
For all thy writings to these objects tend,
To prove thyself the Muse and Virtue's friend.
Proceed, great Poet! scourge a vicious age,
Drive vice and folly from the world's wide stage;
'Gainst impious ribaldry thy faulchion wield,
And o'er each timid virtue spread thy shield.
Be this thy satire's character and praise—
The STRENGTH of JUVENAL, in PURER lays!

—

[The following ingenious paraphrase is by Miss Seward. The expression is very rich and poetical, and relishes of the manner of Horace. The nine years mellowness of Albanian wine; the radiance of a wintry fire, and the power of song to lull sorrow, are passages which will please the reader.]

TO PHYLLIS.

Inviting her to celebrate the birth-day of Mæcenas. Book the fourth, Ode the eleventh.

Sweet Phyllis, leave thy quiet home,
For lo! the ides of April come!
Then hasten to my bower;
A cask of rich Albanian wine,
In nine years mellowness, is mine,
To glad the festal hour.

My garden herbs, in fragrance warm,
Our various chaplets wait to form;
My tender ivies grow,
That, twining in thy amber hair,
Add jocund spirit to thine air,
And whiteness to thy brow.

My walls with silver vessels shine,
Chaste vervain decks the modest shrine,
That longs with crimson stains;
To see its foliage sprinkled o'er,
When the devoted lamb shall pour
The treasure of his veins.

The household girls, and menial boy,
From room to room assiduous fly,
And busy hands extend,
Our numerous fires are quivering bright,
And rolling from their pointed height,
The dusky wreaths ascend.

Convivial rites, in mystic state,
Thou, lovely nymph, shalt celebrate
And give the day to mirth;
That this love-chosen month divides
Since honour'd rose its blooming ides,
By dear Mæcenas' birth.

Oh! not to me my natal star
So sacred seems; then, nymph, prepare
To grace its smiling dawn;
A wealthier maid, in pleasing chains,
Illustrious Telephus detains
From humble Thee withdrawn.

When Pride would daring hopes create
Of Phæton recal the fate,
Consum'd in his career!
Let rash Bellerophon, who tried
The fiery Pegasus to guide,
Awake thy prudent fear.

Thus warn'd, thy better interest know,
And cease those charming eyes to throw
On youths of high degree;
Come then, of all my loves the last,
For, every other passion past,
I only burn for thee.

Come, and with tuneful voice, rehearse
The measures of thy poet's verse,
And charm the listening throng;
Believe me, fairest, all our cares
Will soften at the melting airs,
That deck the lyric song.

—

ANACREON, ode 30, translated by Mr. MOORE.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied that I wing'd my flight,
On pinions, fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twin'd,
I know not why, with chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled;
Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?
Swift as the moment, I was caught!
What does the wanton fancy mean,
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stolen my rest,
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolv'd the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by Love till now.

—

[On a well known tradition of the morbid restlessness, and abhorred longevity of a certain imaginary personage, who was supposed to have been cursed at the crucifixion, the ensuing song has been founded by the fruitful genius of Mr. Wordsworth.]

SONG

For the Wandering Jew.

'Though the torrents, from their fountains,
Pour down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting places, calm and deep.

Though almost with eagle pinion,
O'er the rocks the Chamois roam,
Yet he has some small dominion,
Which, no doubt, he calls his home.

If, on windy days the raven,
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven
On the bosom of the cliff.

Though the sea-horse in the ocean,
Own no dear domestic cave,
Yet he slumbers without motion,
On the calm and silent wave.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal,
Night and day I feel the trouble
Of the wanderer in my soul.

EPIGRAMS.

To anger rais'd, in thoughtless fury,
I'd give ten pounds, said fretful James,
If *cuckolds* all, *sans* judge or jury,
Were tumbled headlong in the Thames.

La! cried his wife, a buxom lass,
How could you think of such a whim?
For, prithee, should it come to pass,
Have *you*, my dearee, learn'd to swim?

—

Whene'er you marry, to his son,
A prudent father said,
Take, for thy loving helpmate, one
Rich widow, or *rich* maid;
For *any* wife may turn out ill,
But, gad! the *money* never will.

—

A man went to a neighbouring fair,
A gallant horse to purchase there;
And seeing one in halter bound,
Agreed for him at twenty pound.
But what, says he, do you compute
The value of the halter at?
'Oh, you may have the rope to boot,
I'm sure you richly merit that.'

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